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## BULLETIN OF THE SPELLING REFORM ASSOCIATION

General Offices 32 Hawley Street, Boston.

No. 14.

SEPTEMBER.

### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SPELLING REFORM IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS A. MARCH, LL. D.,  
President of the Speling Reform Association.

READ BEFORE THE SPELLING REFORM DEPART-  
MENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSO-  
CIATION AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING IN PHIL-  
ADELPHIA, JULY 29, 1879.

The movement for the reform of English  
speling is a product of the spirit of the age,  
a true birth of time, as Bacon likes to call his  
philosophy. The great currents of thought and  
action set towards reform. We are for re-  
forming everything that can help us in the  
discovery of truth and the improvement of  
man's estate.

Given a spoken language, the easy com-  
munication of it by writing and printing  
is a problem in labor-saving machinery.  
There is so much that is complex and  
flaws in our present speling that hu-  
ndreds of millions of dollars are wasted by it  
in printing offices every year.

Our teachers see that two or three years  
are wasted in the school-life of every child at worse than  
in trying to learn to spel.

Our statesmen see that we have 5,500  
millions in the United States and that  
there are 100,000,000 cases of illiteracy.

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# LETS CHAD - A BERND'S GUIDE TO CHEMICALLY INDUCED KEINBERNDNESS

by a Paraguayball

## INTRO

Dont try this at home unless you are a professional. After you read this well and did your research, are of somewhat sound mind and over the age of 21, you should be pro enough to try anything based on this guide.

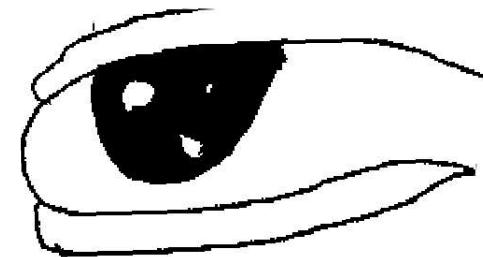
What are we trying to do here?

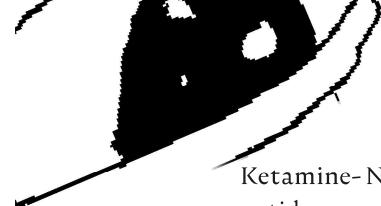
Chemically enhance your social skills. Stupid people might call it „taking a bunch of drugs”. Its more than that. Its the very careful selection and rating of all substances that can get Bernd out of his shell. They will be rated by availability for mere mortals, desired effects (targeting certain brain areas) and undesired effects (side effects, comedown) in the well known 10/10 system.



strangers you will come across as that weird nerd on acid, mostly because you will act and look like one. Sorry Microdosefags, 3/10 at best to become a normal acting human being.

5MEOMIPT - Another close to a 10. Its an empathogenic stimulating psychedelic without any ill after effects than gas. Lots of gas. Youll fart. Should be readily available from Canuck chinks selling all other kinds of stuff online. 1 gram goes a long way, you need about 15mg to get through a weekend. Gives you a big brain. Has less gayass visuals than 2CX, none actually. Smells great when smoked. Rock solid 9/10, cause its easy to take a little bit too much and make it overwhelming and rather introspective





Ketamine- Not so good for its acute effect, but providing an antidepressant and sociability aftereffect that can be really helpful to get off your ass quick. One full psychedelic dose lasting maybe 2 hours gives you a burst of energy lasting 2-7 days. Its a very strong tool. Use easily becomes habitual, beware. 8/10 be sure to check it out.

3MEOPCP - Dang. In a nutshell, its a whole lot like DXM in low doses and a lot less side effects, but if you take just a little bit too much it becomes very manic. You have seen the PCP videos. They are worse, and often include additional stimulants. Its also very cheap. Sex on it is a bit hard (you feel too numb). 7/10, and be careful, dont dose it without a scale, set a timer reminding you when you can redose safely



### SERO-System:

Includes both empathogenic and psychedelic drugs. Often a co-effect in stimulants.

MDMA - If you ask me, its some overrated plebshit for people who are afraid of better empathogenic drugs. Basically it gets you as gay as a barrel of rainbows for 3 hours, then very depressed for a few days. The depression can be suicidal tier and last for up to 10 days. However, it makes you fearless in socializing and it gives you a good vibe for the duration of effects. Veery easy to deal with strangers on it. 5/10 due to the shit duration and catastrophic aftermath

2CX - Oh Wow! Large selection of sort of the same but different psychedelic empathogens with a stimulant edge sometimes. Makes socializing about as easy as on MDMA, but lasts longer and doesnt cause any side effects besides acute nausea. Some are hard to obtain these days though. 7.5/10 due to that.

LSD - Bad pick for our needs. Its very unpredictable in public settis, increasing heatenings a lot. If you try to hang with

To get a bit more into res media, lets start with a list of the pharmacological actions we desire.:

GABA System - Agonism  
Cannabinoid System - Agonism  
NMDA System - Antagonism  
Opiate System - Agonism  
SERO System - Release, Reuptake, Agonism  
DOPA System - Reuptake, Release  
NORA System - Reuptake, Release

### Review our Options

What are they, based on this list? For length reasons, i'll keep it to 1-4 substances per class. If you so a little research you maybe find other stuff that applies. Lets see:



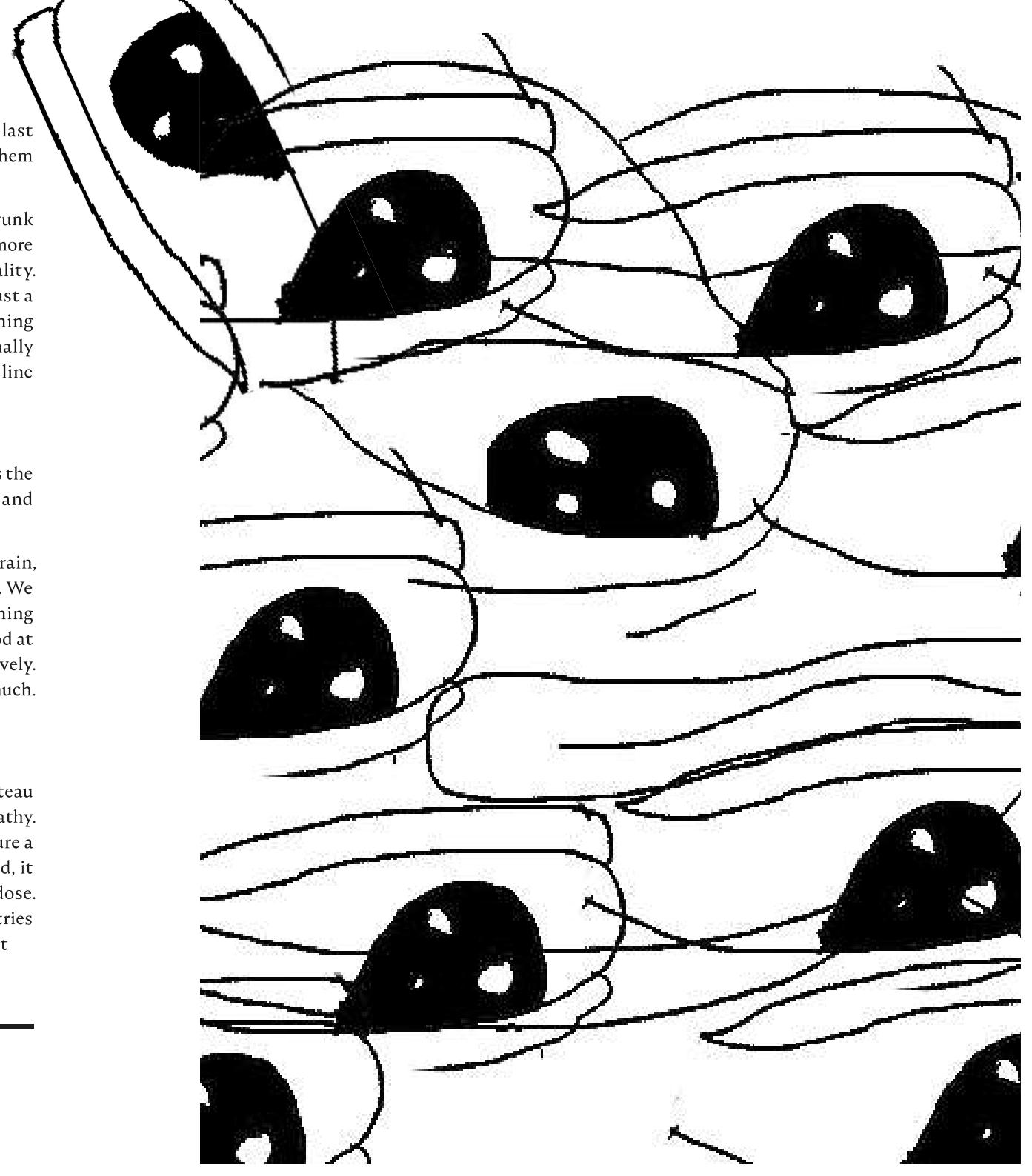
#### Gabaergics:

Alcohol - Tried and true. Probably too tried. Makes you dumb enough not to give a fuck if done right. Its for sale everywhere. Yes, Kilju is a good drink after freeze distillation. The after effects are terrible. The duration is shit. You can usually do it in public. In the end, a solid 5/10

Benzos - If done right, easily on tier of being drunk all the time, but without alcohols ill effects. Besides a lot more blacking out and doing really dumb things (theft is common, you just lack the inhibition not to). Many are moreish, and you can eat 10-20 times the suggested dose and survive it with no physical trouble, but a gap in your memory. Approach with caution. 6/10

Gabapentinoids - Oh boy, thank the gods for this class. While not being Gaba agonists but something far more complicated, they share many of its desired effects, are easily prescribed by a doctor and often come with additional desired effects

\*(If you dont get this, wiki the words.)



such as stimulation and strong analgesica (makes you last longer during fuggenings). 9/10, since you can only take them 3 times a week without suffering a big tolerance

GHB/GBL - Alcohol on Steroids. One sip and you are as drunk as from like 12 beers for an hour. The effect is great, much more functional than alcohol, with a great primal hypersexuality. Put two people in the same room who like each other just a little, dose them GHB and things will escalate to ravishing each other quickly. However, its dangerous. Easy to lethally overdose. Best combined with a stimulant, adds a safety line when you dose just a little too much. Solid 7 face.



#### Cannabinoids:

There is a huge selection of synthetics, but nothing beats the original . The good, safe synthetics are hard to obtain and degrade fast outside a -30c freezer. Therefor:

Cannabis Spp - Dude weed lamau. Dependant on the strain, it either gets you very chill or very upbeat and creative. We rather want the latter effect. Is safe to mix with everything else. Its socially accepted in most places. Makes you good at fucking. Gives you Kruppstahl. Makes you eat compulsively. Quickly just makes you fat, lazy and iq89 if used too much. Still 8/10.



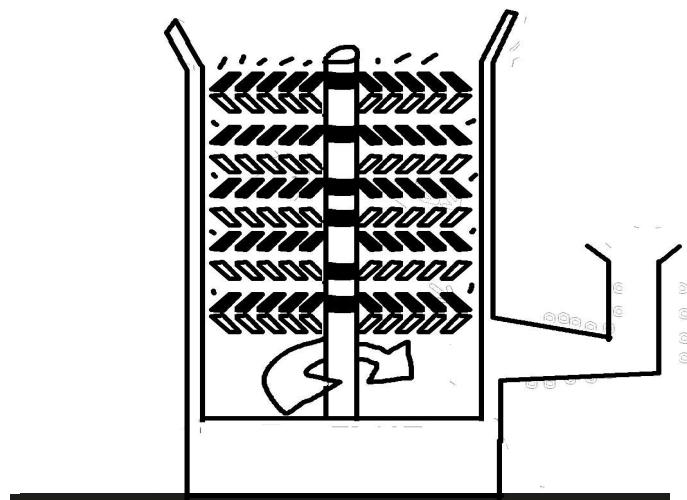
#### NMDA Antagonists:

DXM - This one is very underrated. The so called first plateau doses provide euphoria, stimulation, sociability and empathy. And you can do it in any company, people will think you're a little drunk and in a good mood. Best served with weed, it gets you a nauseous. Medium duration, but easy to redose. Vente libre in drug stores everywhere besides cuck countries like sweden. 7.5/10 cause the after effects dont feel right

These were cutting edge technology for most of the 20th century. They were used in the Manhattan project to allow for the refining of nuclear isotopes. Every particle accelerator relied on diffusion pumps.

In fact, the very name 'diffusion pump' refers to the fact that these allowed us to achieve pressures where gases no longer behave as continuous fluids, but as discrete particles (sometimes called Knudsen flow, after a Danish physicist). Diffusion pumps have no moving parts and only need a heater to vaporize the oil. They are indestructible and dead simple. They are also fuckhuge chunks of steel that tend to backstream oil into your vacuum chamber. Today, they are rarely used because of the advent of turbomolecular pumps.

Turbo pumps operate on a purely physical basis, using a series of rotors to physically impact gas molecules and push them towards the exhaust. On the inside, they look a bit like a jet engine. Early turbo pumps were oil lubricated, but today, most use maglev bearings. These are the real workhorses of modern vacuum systems.



# I WANT TO TALK ABOUT ENGLISH SPELLING REFORM.\*

by an Argentineball

The problem with reforming the english orthography into a more phonemic one, is the great variance between the english accents. This difference though, is only in regards to the vowels, the consonants are all more or less consistant across all accents.

This simplifies the problem, although it doesn't remove it. The vowels between accents aren't one to one. This means that where in one accent there is only one vowel, in another accent there might be a difference, e.g. cot and caught, in some accents have the same vowel, and in others they differ. This problem of wide but consistent difference between accents can be solved with the making of an orthography that represents the Diaphonemes of the language.

From wikipedia, a definition and a clarifying example of what a diaphoneme is:

“ (...) an abstract phonological unit that identifies a correspondence between related sounds of two or more varieties of a language or language cluster. For example, some English varieties contrast the vowel of late (/e:/) with that of wait or eight (/ɛɪ/). Other English varieties contrast the vowel of late or wait (/e:/) with that of eight (/ɛɪ/). This non-overlapping pair of phonemes from two different varieties can be reconciled by positing three different diaphonemes: A first diaphoneme for words like late (/ɛ//), a second diaphoneme for words like wait (/ɛɪ//), and a third diaphoneme for words like eight (/ɛx//).”

\*This is a work in progress, and may have errors. Please talk about the idea, and make suggestions for its improvement.

Using this concept of diaphonemes, and using as a sample a wide variety of english accents, one can make a list of all the vowel diaphonemes, and posit an orthography that reflects it.

An idea has arisen various times, of adding to the latin alphabet, or ditching it for one with a bigger inventory of letters, to better represent the phonology of English. I'm against this idea. For how much I would want thorn to return into use, th has gained a place as an English peculiarity, and I doubt the Anglos are eager to change their alphabet. Enough work would be convincing them of changing the spelling, and over that get them to add new characters would be impossible. Even more changing into a completely different alphabet.

I feel that the uniqueness of the aesthetic of English spelling should remain.

Naively following a correspondence of phoneme and orthography will lead to the elimination of idiosyncrasies that make English appear as such.

There are three examples of this, double consonants, syllabic consonants, and the magic e. These are easily solvable though.

1. Double consonants most of the time do not represent any difference in pronunciation. It must either be standardized or be dropped. What should be done is this:

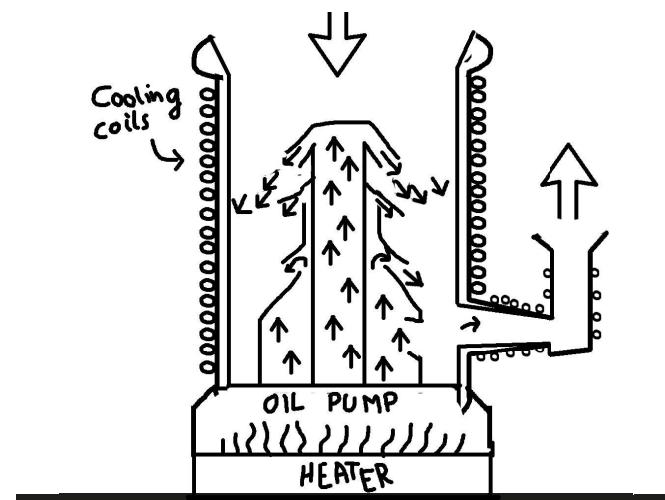
Drop all instances in which it doesn't make a difference. It should stay, or be added, only when a word ends in a vowel and /k/, as in back, pick, pack, track, etc., as this is an idiosyncrasy of the English spelling.

The other use it has, and for which it should be used, is to help with magic e's. When the word ends in a syllabic consonant -em or -en, it should be doubled if the last vowel isn't long, to avoid confusion. See copped and coped for example.

Now we're getting into the high vacuum regime. This pump design enabled scientists to perform interesting new experiments. Crooke began to study the behavior of low pressure gasses under applied voltage, leading to the cathode ray tube. It allowed the development of the incandescent lightbulb.

Of course, the pressure you can reach with a Sprengel pump is limited by the vapor pressure of mercury. Your chamber is exposed to liquid mercury, and all liquids have some finite vapor pressure. At room temperature, mercury has a vapor pressure on the order of  $10^{-6}$  Torr.

The next improvement was the diffusion pump. This was invented in 1915 and used a similar principle as the Sprengel pump. Early versions also used mercury, but this was soon replaced with low vapor pressure oils. The diffusion pump heats this oil to vaporize small droplets. As these droplets rise and fall, they physically force gas molecules down to the exhaust.



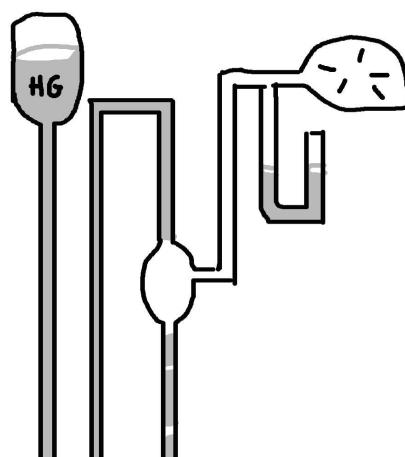
# VACUUM SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

by a Germanball

Since the time of Aristotle, it was believed that nature abhors a vacuum, and that a true vacuum could not exist. This view remained unchallenged until the 17th century when Torricelli conducted experiments that led him to develop the mercury barometer. In addition to being the first means of measuring atmospheric pressure, Torricelli realized that a vacuum was formed in the sealed end of the tube. This result inspired the work of Otto von Guericke, who developed a simple piston type vacuum pump. He famously used this pump to evacuate the space between two metal hemispheres and showed that teams of horses could not pull them apart.

But for quite a long time, that was the extent of vacuum pump technology. All the work done in the 17th and 18th centuries relied on bell jars and mechanical piston pumps. With good seals, these pumps could reach pressures on the order of 10 Torr, which is considered rough or low vacuum today. This was not significantly improved until the 19th century.

The real breakthrough was the Sprengel pump, named for its inventor Hermann Sprengel. This pump uses the weight of liquid mercury to force gas out of a vessel. Drops of mercury fall through a narrow glass capillary, pushing gas down and forcing it out. It requires no energy or moving parts and can quickly pump down a small chamber to pressures on the order of  $10^{-6}$  Torr.



The double consonant is to help with magic e's. That is, if it appears that a magic e would be, but actually isn't, duplicate the consonant to signal so.

2. Syllabic consonants happen in words like bottle, happen, cotton, or bottom. The consonant is realized as a vowel, pronounced thus as bottl, hapn, cotn, botm. This is represented as a vowel followed by the consonant, eg -en, -on, and with the l, as -le. What should be done here is as such:

For n and m, use only the e. Cotten, happen, bottem.

For the words with syllabic l, then just mark it with a -le. Botle, example.

3. The magic e is a silent e at the end of a word that affects the pronunciation of the last vowel, making it long. This doesn't happen in all words though, for example done or come. What should be done is as such:

When a word ends in a long diaphoneme followed by a consonant, then use the grapheme for the short counterpart, then the grapheme for the sound, and then the magic e. In cases in which the word ends in a short vowel, don't use an e, and if in the traditional orthography there is one, drop it.

So instead of having words like baik, we would have familiar words like bike.

When the word ends in a diaphoneme represented by the letter e, as I already said, double the consonant, to avoid confusion. For example, differ would be a proper doubling.

There are various other minor idiosyncrasies that I want to tackle too.

1. The special case with the "long e" phoneme. In the old orthography, it is symbolized, mainly, in three ways. If it is the last phoneme, in a multi-syllabic word, an -y or an -ie is used.

If it is the penultimate, followed by a consonant, the Magic E system is used. If it is in any other position, or is in a word that is monosyllabic, or at the end of a word that when it's preceded by /j/, normally a double e is used.

What should be done, is adopt this system, and make it exceptionless. There would be three graphemes for it:

-eCe, used when a word ends in the long e followed by a consonant

-ee, used when it is in the middle of the word, or at the end of a monosyllabic word, or at the end of a word, when preceded by /j/ ("three", employee, for example)

-y, used when it is at the end of a multisyllabic word (e.g. "correctly")

2. The situation with words ending in -tion, and -sion. What should be done, is make a rule, so that in words that end with the sequence of phonemes /ʃən/, it would be represented as -tion, and /ʒən/ as -sion. This would apply, even when systematic endings (like -n, -ed, -ing) are applied to the word, as to retain consistency.

3. The situation with k, s, and c. The c is used to represent both /s/ and /k/. What should be done, is use s when c represents the phoneme /s/, and use c, when the phoneme is /k/ in front of the dia-vowels (diaphoneme vowels) that aren't represented with a sequence of letters that starts with either e or i, and in other cases use k.

4. Words that end with -se or -ce, with phoneme /s/ following /n/. What should be done with these words (e.g. science) that end with /s/, is represent this word ending /s/ with -se. This would not apply in systematic endings (like pluralisation), or monosyllabic vowels, or in words in which it doesn't follow /n/. Thus, words like defense would retain their familiar spelling.

5. Words that end with -ge, with phoneme /ʒ/ or /dʒ/. What should be done with these words (e.g. orange, judge) that end with /ʒ/, is represent this word ending /ʒ/ with -ge, or if /dʒ/, -dge. Thus, words like judge would retain their familiar spelling.

6. The situation with /kw/. Most words that have these phonemes, in the old orthography, have it represented with qu. This shouldn't change at all. "qu" should be used to represent /kw/.

7. The situation with words that have /aɪə/ as a vowel, represented by "ia" or "io". What should be done, is make "ia" represent that sequence of vowels. So, lion would be written "lian".

8. Simple past verbs that end in /d/. What should be done, to retain familiarity, is make it so the simple past conjugation is represented with -ed. Here's a chart for the diaphonemes and their representation in the new orthography

### Proposed Representation / Diaphoneme

p, pp	b, bb	t, tt	d, dd	ch	j, ge, dg	c, k, ck	g, gg	f, ff
p	b	t	d	tʃ	dʒ	k	g	f
v, f	th	th	s, ss, -se	z, s*	sh, -tion	j, dge, dg, -sion	h	m, mm
v	θ	ð	s	z	ʃ	ʒ	h	m
n, nn	ng	l, ll	w	r, rr	y	wh	gh	a
n	ŋ	l	w	r	j	hw	x	æ
a	a	a	au	o	e, a**	i	ee, eCe, -y	ea, eCe, -y
a:-æ	a:	v	v-ɔ:	ɔ:	ə	ɪ	i	i:
ai, ay, aCe	e	ear	er	a	oo	ou	you, uCe	ie, iCe
er	ɛ	ɜ:r	ɔ:r	ʌ	o	u:	ju:	ər
oi, oy	oa, oCe	aou, aow	ar	eer; ere	ear	oar	our	your
ɔɪ	oo	ao	a:r	ɪər	ɛər	ɔ:r	oər	jɔ:r

\* in word endings

\*\* only where it would be ambiguous if e was used

9.

Substitute x, y with numbers that will make the following graph true

$$\begin{array}{r} & & & x \\ & Y & Y & Y & Y \\ + & Y & Y & Y & Y \\ & Y & Y & Y & Y \\ & Y & Y & Y & Y \\ \hline x & Y & Y & Y & Y \end{array}$$

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10.

Three Bernds meets up in public, two of them male and one of them girl (male). Their names are Blanco, Keltainen and Kara. They sip beer and talk:

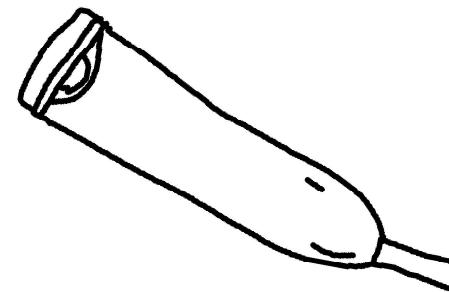
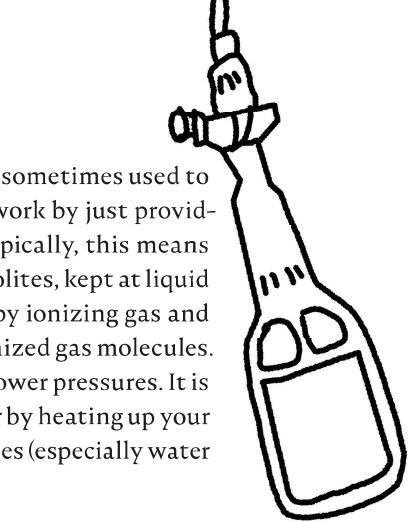
- Isn't it strange - notes gril(male) - that our names describe colors in our mother languages and indeed among us there is an asian, a black and a wh\*te person?
- Indeed, a fabulous coincidence - exclaimed black-skinned Bernd - funnily enough our own names don't reflect our skin colour though.

If gril(male) isn't white, then what is a color of his skin and his name?



But there are a few other pumps that are sometimes used to supplement turbo pumps. Cryo pumps work by just providing a very cold surface to adsorb gas. Typically, this means some high surface area substrate, like zeolites, kept at liquid nitrogen temperature. Ion pumps work by ionizing gas and applying a high voltage to attract the ionized gas molecules. You can also apply other tricks to reach lower pressures. It is common to 'bake out' a vacuum chamber by heating up your entire chamber to more readily desorb gases (especially water vapor) from the chamber walls.

So now, we can reach pressures down to  $10^{-9}$  Torr and below. What do we do with this? Well, there are a host of experimental techniques that rely on having a high vacuum environment. A comprehensive description of these applications would make for an article in itself, if there is interest. There are a lot of thin film deposition and characterization techniques. Electron microscopy also requires a high vacuum environment, to say nothing of particle accelerators, plasma systems, and a good chunk of all semiconductor manufacturing.



# ◊ON THE CONTRADICTION◊ OF ◊OCCUPYING SPACE

by a Germanball

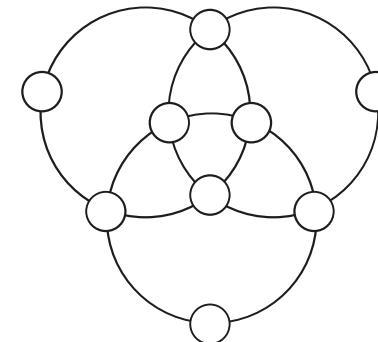
As I was commuting to the local harbor of knowledge, known to common men as “university”, a term I find to be most delightfully ironic since society has become dependent on specialization, I noticed an array of parked cars. These cars occupied a relatively large amount of space, given that usually only one person is traveling to their respective location of employment. Thus was planted in me the angry seed of an autistic fit I immediately commenced to nurture.

As the driver arrives at his destination he leaves his car behind, yet as the person moves through space-time, this artifact that still remains in his possession stays in the same area, occupying the same space while the user of the device has long left, occupying a different space. It is so, that an extension of a human body remains seemingly permanent within a given location and increases the amount of space claimed by this person. Even as he is using his car for its intended purpose the volume of the vehicle will always exceed the drivers capacity to take up room, simply because it’s bigger than the person themselves. This difference could be bridged by filling the car with more passengers but will never be made null, leaving the space-occupation-value at a net positive.

This net positives means people are always using more space than they possibly could in regards to the boundaries set by their fleshly hull. If you were to take this into it’s logical extreme, the earth would soon be lacking of space to inhabit. The reason being that there is no inherent limit to our reproduction capabilities. However, this is not the point I

6.

There are five small circles on the top of each big circle. Put the numbers from 1-9 on each little circle in a way so the sum of numbers on each big circle equals 25.



7.

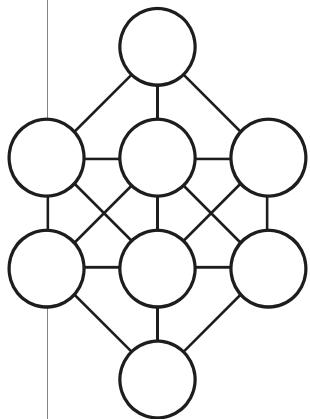
Number L has 4 digits and is a square of the other integer l:

$$L = l^2$$

First two digits are equal, which is also the case for the last two digits. Find the number L and l

8.

An absent-minded bernd instead of subtracting the 255 from the cubed number x, added 255 to the cube root of the x. Nonetheless by coincidence the final result of the equation was “correct”. What was the number x?



3.

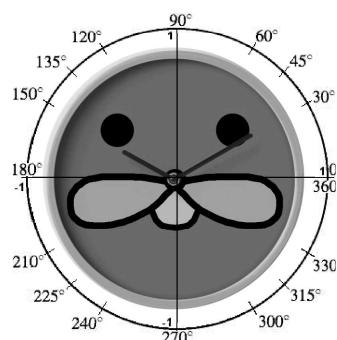
Eight circles are connected by straight lines.

Numerate the circles without having any subsequent numbers connected by lines.

4.

In an analog clock, the second hand passes over the minute hand once each minute.

At which angles will the second hand and the minute hand overlap, through the course of an hour?



5.

Kiev. Tramway passes a pedestrian by in 4 seconds while a tram stop (90m) in 10 seconds.

How long is the tram?



am trying to make, it is merely the obvious conclusion every third grader is able to draw when looking at a parking lot or an apartment complex. Apartments or houses, buildings if you will, would be another example of de-facto permanent extensions of the human body. Through these extensions a person with the hypothetical size of x would occupy an amount of space greater than x. Yet a person of size x can't be 2x. One of itself is naturally unable to be two of itself. A single American dollar is, at the same point in time, not worth two American dollars.

What this means is that humans, as creating entities, are a living contradiction, violating the laws of nature, rendering the circumstances of our creation, as they are bound to physical laws and occurred within the logic of our universe, to be nothing but mere shadows. Shunning this logic that was responsible of giving us the ambiguous gift of life is itself deeply immoral. Therefore I propose a compromise. As humans seemingly are unable to occupy only their own space, since even wearing clothing would violate natural law, they should instead only ever create and use things that are able to permanently remain upon their own person. Say, a backpack and its contents but no houses, cars, tables or bicycles, unless conveniently reducible in size and therefore portable.

Thus we would cease to be a mockery of existence itself and would be allowed a truly moral life.





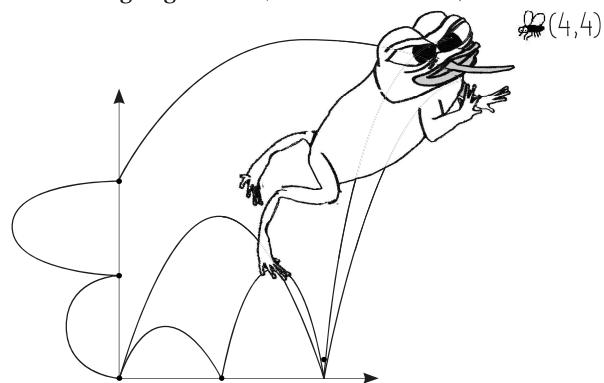
## REALLY MAKES YOU THINK

1.

A frog is positioned at the origin of the coordinate plane.

From the point  $(x, y)$ , the frog can jump to any of the points  $(x + 1, y)$ ,  $(x + 2, y)$ ,  $(x, y + 1)$ , or  $(x, y + 2)$ .

Find the number of distinct sequences of jumps in which the frog begins at  $(0, 0)$  and ends at  $(4, 4)$



2.

A train leaves Berlin a 12h00 at 100km/h.

A train leaves Paris at 200km/h to Berlin.

Paris-Berlin is 1000km long.

At which hour do they cross?

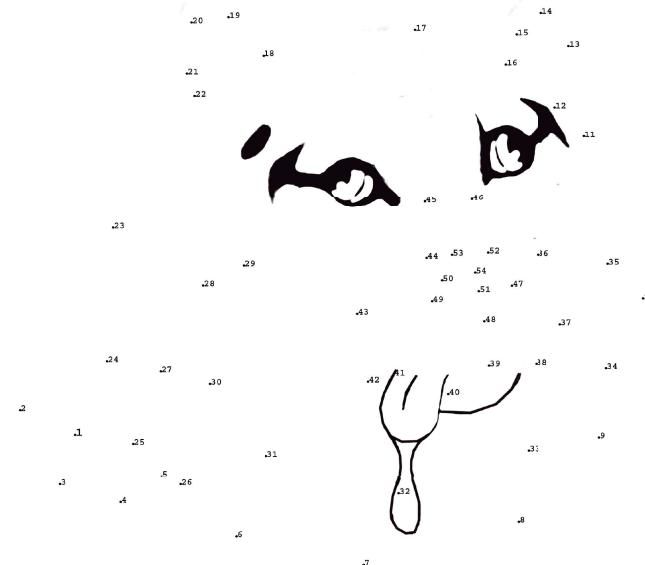


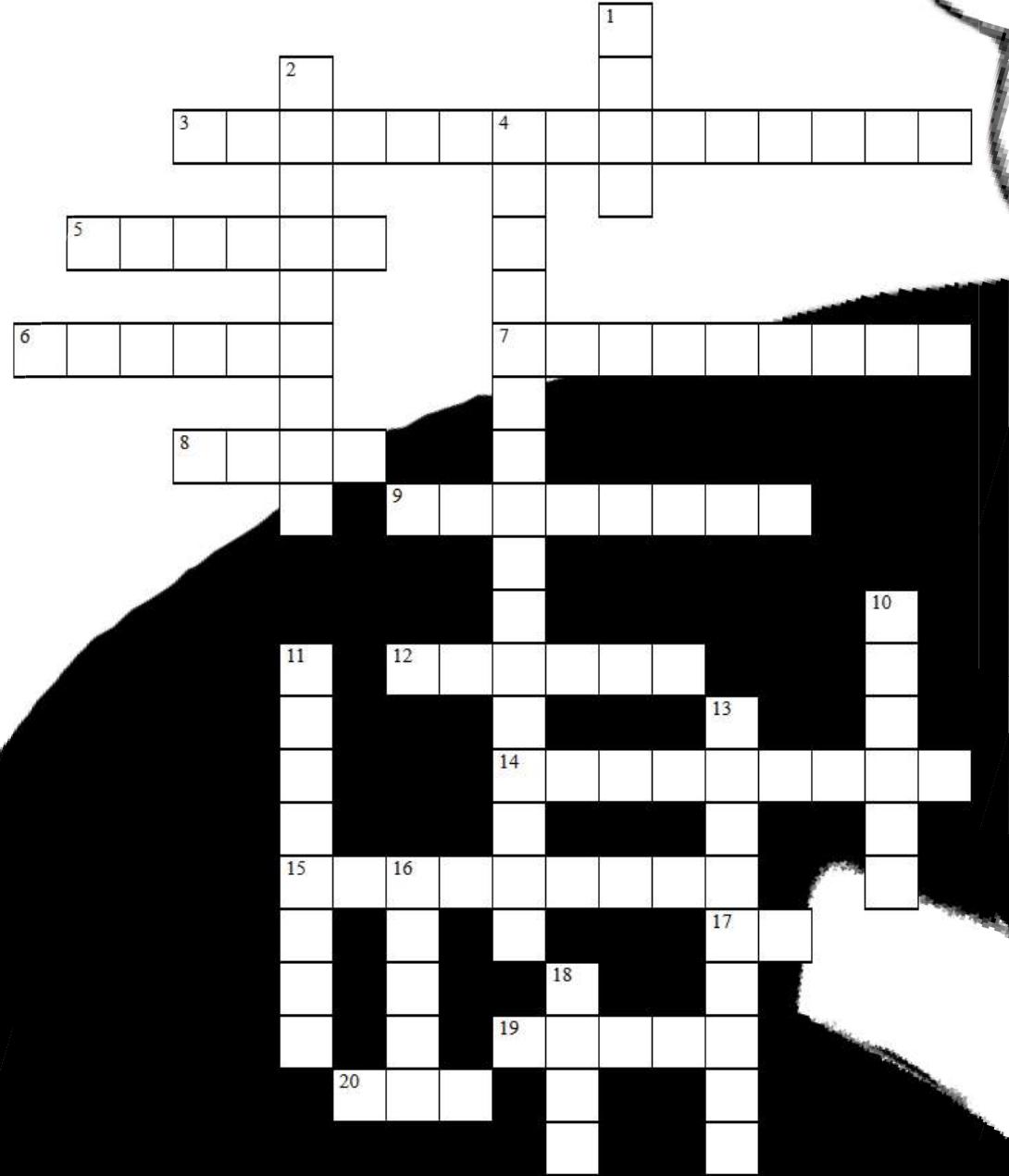
The scream was coming from behind him and getting louder. He could either chase the goo and risk an ambush from behind, or cut his losses and prepare himself for whatever was running closer. Thomaseth smirked for a third time. He knew he had lost one HECK of a bounty but he didn't care. „Looks like this day just got...interesting.”

Thomaseth did a somersault twist maneuver and pointed his goo-gun towards the scream. The dim light gave way to a silhouette. It was a man. A short man. Thomaseth sighed. „Laramie.” He said. „Fucking Laramie.”

Laramie Slow-round was a pathetic shell of a man. Pudgy and quite short, he resembled a rotund pile of goo. Beads of sweat poured down his piggy-pig face, and his puffy cheeks were a bright rosey-red. The short sprint to Thomaseth had robbed him of what little breath he could keep in his underdeveloped lungs, and he keeled over to collect himself. Laramie was among the bottom 10 percent of goohunters, surpassing only the women and the disfigured. His aim was dreadful, he could only pull off 10, maybe 20 maneuvers tops, the goos he did bag were juveniles, and he hardly got any killstreaks at all.

The sight of Laramie repulsed Thomaseth. He had tried in the past to diagnose what exactly was wrong with his corpulent comrade, and he had come to the conclusion that his T-count was dangerously low. On top of this, he suspected that Laramie was cursed with <1% Neanderthal DNA. Laramie's shortcomings had left him quite feeble, both physically and mentality. His intellect lagged behind: he was a pre-sing mind in a post-sing world (sing means singularity). With him were outdated relics of the past: instead of the standard issue technowatch and EZ-shades, Laramie was equipped with last-gen hardware. His betawatch was little more than a timepiece with an ultranet connection and his obsolete sol-blockers failed to protect his eyes from dan-





## GOOHACK

by a Canadaball

Thomaseth smiled. „Jackpot,” he said, clutching his goo-gun. There he was, in the vast depths below Tokyo London, face to face with his own personal fortune. This pile of goo was unlike anything he had ever seen—a thousand technocreds? No, too low. Ten thousand? Ballpark. It’s been three weeks since he nabbed anything bigger than a tin can, and HQ was getting impatient.

He didn’t want to startle the goo, so he kept his moves slow and deliberate. He loaded a plasma mag into his goo gun with the finesse of an ancient Japanese warrior, due in no small part to his years of martial arts training and e-verified 3.4% Neanderthal DNA.

This was no ordinary goo, however. It mobilised, slithering at breakneck speed to avoid Thomaseth’s crosshairs. It strafed in a zig-zag pattern, preparing to pounce. It jumped, and at the last second dove beneath his legs. Thomaseth smirked. He’d seen it a hundred times. The classic over-under maneuver. Not one to be outdone by a goo, he responded in turn. Thomaseth did a spinning corkscrew jump kind of like Mario in Super Mario Sunshine, landed on one knee and fired a plasma bolt at the goo in one swift movement. The goo dodged to the right, and fired a goo-based projectile that Thomaseth was quick to avoid.

Thomaseth smirked again. „A tough guy, huh?” He followed the zigzagging goo with the sights of his goo-gun. He would not miss again. All it would take is one slip, one simple mistake and that goo is a fat stack of technocreds with his name on it. Ready...aim... Thomaseth heard a scream. It broke his concentration and in a split second the goo began to flee.

ACROSS

3. THCM
5. They have short heda, savage, culture of kill
6. Transseggual cuck mod
7. Having 10/10 gf, lastest gaming laptop, successfull career etc. while living in Hoholstan
8. You can drink a beer behind it
9. A mascot of the long-dead chan(F), a kot
12. Always insufficient
14. "..." of three
15. Often participates in serious discussions
17. "..." the Ukraine
19. Why "..."?
20. A very happy person who deals with commerce or banking

DOWN

1. Degenerate Zapad
2. Bringer of liberation
4. "..." of the Ottoman Empire
10. A fragrant, grape-based pomace brandy of Italian origin
11. Average "poor" hohol poster
13. Russian comedian of armenian origin
16. Russia has lot's of it
18. The heaviest feel of all



## DREAM JOURNALISM

dreamt by a Spainball

20/2/18

It's foggy. I'm swimming through grey murky waters, escaping from what I thought was a shark. I couldn't see it, but I knew it was there, I could feel it.

Floating in the water, I could see a square table. The table floated in a „static” manner, as if it was latched onto the floor or something, although there was nothing around it.

I decide to get on the table to escape the shark, only to find out I'm on my living room.

The room is flooded. As I look onto the water, I see that the shark is completely gone.

On top of my couch, there's a scientist with a very „chaotic” look (tousled hair, dirty lab coat...) and really big thick glass bottom glasses.

He tells me that it's completely safe to go back into the water. I do, but then notice something.

My right foot had suddenly disappeared, and I was only left with a stump on its place.

The scientist's betrayal deeply angers me, which causes me to wake up from my surreal dream.

bounced off the walls of the tunnel, leaving faint green decals wherever they hit.

The Tunneler tripped on an either dead or sleeping bum, and fell flat on his face. “Jesus fuck!” he screamed, unable to pick himself back up. “Jesus fuck no! Fuck! Jesus! No! Oh fuck FUCK!”

Hundreds of rounds bounced off the walls of the tunnel into the third Tunneler. He wriggled and writhed as his body was torn to shreds, his screams giving way to the bloodcurdling sound of bouncing giblets. The bum he had tripped over was torn to bits too—if he wasn’t dead before, he was now.

It was silent. Thomaseth loaded another mag into his goo-gun and cautiously approached his prey. A notification flashed before his eyes, indicating that he had received his 4-kill killstreak. Care package. He decided he would keep it for later—you never know when a CAREPACK (that’s what they call care packages after the singularity) will come in handy.

Thomaseth stood over the bodies. Absolutely riddled with holes, they oozed out gallons of neoplasmid. He couldn’t help but smirk for an eighth time over the irony of the situation, seeing as this goofucker piece of shit would have probably killed him to get his hands on all that neo.

He kicked what was left of the Tunneler over, seeing if anything of value was left behind. Rummaging through the gory mess, he got his hands covered in all sorts of nasty goofucker gunk. This really upset him, so he spit on the ground four times, indicating a level of disgust higher than when he only spit three times before. This was an integral part of post-sing culture. Eventually, Thomaseth found an e-wallet with fifty technocreds. Smirking for a ninth time, he scanned the e-wallet with his own, transferring the creds to him. It would take nearly a week for the transfer to go be quintuple-verified

gerous goo-rays. What a fucking idiot. What a fat retarded piece of shit.

Worst of all? Laramie’s g-wife (government wife) (that’s when the government gives you a wife because of the singularity, very complicated and official government stuff) was a total babe. Thomaseth could only guess what Laramie had been running from. A goo? Classic Laramie.

With his bounty gone, Thomaseth called out Laramie’s name. The panting Laramie snapped his head back in fear, only to be relieved when he saw his fellow Goo-hunter further down the tunnel.

“Thom—Thomaseth!” he shouted, struggling to catch his breath. “I wasn’t—you didn’t—“

“Shut the fuck up Laramie,” said Thomaseth. He spit on the ground three times. That was something people did after the singularity. “You know how many technocreds you just cost me, you goofy fuck?”

“Look, but you have to let me explain w—“

“Ten thousand technocreds, Laramie. Hand it over.”

“Ten thousand?! Does it look like I’m made of money?!”

It was then that the built-in laugh track simulator went off in Thomaseth’s earpiece, indicating Laramie had made a joke. And from the reaction of the crowd, it was a real zinger. A real big hit. Thomaseth couldn’t help but smirk for a fourth time. Everyone knew that money was outlawed after the singularity; technocreds are something completely different, just something you work for in order to exchange for goods and services.

“Ah hell, I can’t stay mad at you, you chubby piece of shit.” Thomaseth lowered his goo-gun, which had been pointed at

Laramie's sweating butterball face for the last few minutes. He moved closer, the light from all the glowing gizmos and gadgets on his technovest betraying the fear on his fellow goo-hunter's face. He shouldn't have been this scared. Not if he was running from a lowly goo.

Thomaseth opened his mouth to ask Laramie to explain further, when suddenly a ferocious rumble echoed from further down the tunnel. Laramie started sobbing like a woman while Thomaseth activated his tactical enhancements to prepare himself for some uber-maneuvers.

"Laramie, what the fuck is going on? What the fuck did you do? You're always ruining shit for everyone else. First you scare off my BIG bounty, and now you led some kind of monster over here? To me? Your loyal brother in arms? You always were a fuck-up, Laramie. A real piece of shit. A real fat, retarded, ugly piece of shit. You really bunged it up this time. Really shit the bed. You fucking retard. You fucking pigshit retard."

"Thomaseth, please, let me exp—"

"No, I think I've heard enough. I'm going to let whatever this thing is eat you and then I'm going to kill it. I'm going to specifically wait until you're dead before I do anything and it's your own fault. Fuck I hate you so much."

Laramie grabbed Thomaseth by the shoulders and started shaking him wildly. "It's not a fucking monster! It's the Tunnelers!"

The Tunnelers. Thomaseth knew them well. In his 754 missions to the depths of Tokyo London, he had seen more than his fair share. They went by many names. Depth-grovellers. Mole people. Goo people. Molefuckers. Goofuckers. 'Tunneler' would have been the politically correct term had politics still existed, but it didn't because of the singularity. Laramie's choice of term disgusted Thomaseth even more than he

"You fuckin' piece of shit you fuckin' killed him! What the fuck?! What the fu—"

Thomaseth fired a shot into the midsection of the second Tunneler. His entrails were sent scattered in a hundred different directions, leaving him to drown in his own blood while he gurgled. It was a disgusting sound, but nowhere near as disgusting as hearing his primitive dialect.

The third Tunneler began to run. He knew the tunnels much better than Thomaseth, but that didn't matter. With the Hardline perk he unlocked for exemplary goo-hunting, he was able to activate the radar kill-streak with one fewer kill than what was usually necessary. A heat-seeking minimap appeared in the top right corner of Thomaseth's vision, allowing him to know where the third Tunneler was at all times. He smirked for a seventh time. The hunt was on.

The situation called for one of his uber-maneuvers: wall-run. His Speed-E-Wheels whirred while he jumped on the wall, allowing him to avoid the obstacles left by the Tunneler's wanton mining operation. The Tunneler's movements on his radar looked erratic and ungraceful. Thomaseth concluded that the goofucker was either injured or incredibly unintelligent. Probably both.

Thomaseth jumped from one wall to another, a maneuver he liked to call "triangle jump". The Tunneler was shucking and jiving through bits of slag. He was much faster than any person with negligible Neanderthal DNA had any business being, which really pissed off the superior Thomaseth.

"Let's end this," he said, changing the firing mode on his goo-gun to Spray'N'Pray. He held down the trigger for two seconds, launching a barrage of fluorescent balls of plasma in a thousand different directions. The fast moving projectiles

Thomaseth could hardly believe what he was hearing. He could barely make out what they were saying through all that goofucker gobbledegook, but he thought they were asking if he was a goo-hunter. Him. Thomaseth. Of course he was a fucking goo-hunter. Look at his EZ-shades, his technovest, his goo-gun. These Tunnelers were stupider than he thought. Such a stupid question offended him to the highest level. He could hardly contain the anger he felt, mustering up only a mumbled affirmative response. This was fight or flight.

"You are, ain't ya? If that ain't the best news I've heard all day. Look, we got this big-ass goo tryin' ta ruin our dig. He's just down the tunnel guardin' a real big stash of neo' that we really need get our hands on, y'know? I know you fellas is always tryin' to bag those fuckers, wanna do us a favour and take 'im out for us?"

The Tunneler's dialect was almost completely incomprehensible to Thomaseth. All he could hear was grunting and the word "goo" repeated over and over. He tried waving with both hands and shaking his head, and the eldest Tunneler began to speak again.

"Alright alright, you're a busy guy. I get it. Say, do an old man a solid and spare a couple technocreds?"

Dialect or not, begging was a universal language. Thomaseth's disgust had reached its boiling point. In one fell motion, he unslung his gun and fired a plasma bolt into the eldest Tunneler's face. The impact of the bolt caused his head to explode in a gory, pink mist, splattering blood and bits of brain and bone everywhere. A spurt of blood erupted from his headless neck, and he fell over, spasming like the lowly goofucker he was.

"Wh-what the fuck?!" screamed the second Tunneler, his face covered in gore.

already was, to a level of disgust he didn't even know was possible.

Tunnelers would be a problem. They toiled, here in the tunnels, for trace amounts of neoplasmid from goo-hunting residue. They completely forewent a post-sing lifestyle, not even using the ultranet. "What a bunch of fucking retard," Thomaseth thought to himself. "Don't they know how cool the singularity is? Don't they care that they don't need money or to work anymore? God I hate them so fucking much."

Before long, Thomaseth had planned on killing them all. Laramie was shaking in his boots, recounting all the tall tales about the Tunnelers in his little piggy-pig brain. Some say they would ask Goo-hunters for spare technocreds like the lowly depth-grovellers they were. Others say that they don't even know what the ultranet was. Both stories had Laramie shook to his core. There was a deep feeling of dread knowing that people would choose to live such horrific primitive lives, and Thomaseth knew they had to be stopped at all costs.

He deduced that the rumbling sound were actually primitive jackhammers, nearly completely unheard of since the singularity. The deafening noise would no doubt reduce men as weak as Laramie to tears, but Thomaseth kept composed. His mind raced with thoughts of how stupid these goofucking degenerates were using their goofy jackhammers instead of post-sing cryptominers and technomallets. A truly vile race of subhumans. He slung his goo-gun on his back and threw his arms up behind him, preparing himself for the most efficient form of running. The classic cyberninja sprint maneuver.

"Thomaseth, you're not thinking of actually going over there, are you?" asked the cowardly Laramie.

"Stay back," said Thomaseth, clicking his heels together to deploy his Speed-E-Wheels. "Get back to HQ."

Laramie hesitated for a moment, and nodded. He knew what had to be done; for him, the fight was over. Turning a knob on his chest, he deployed his hoverdisc. He hopped aboard, but before he left, he looked over to his fellow hunter. "Hey Thomaseth," he said, setting coordinates for Goo HQ. "Try not to get yourself killed, huh?"

Thomaseth looked over at his portly friend, who was fumbling to enter the right coordinates. "Shut the fuck up and go back to HQ you fucking retard," he said. He couldn't help but smirk for a fifth time. Laramie might have been a stupid fat piece of shit, but his heart was in the right place.

Laramie hovered away on his disc. With that distraction gone, Thomaseth turned his attention to the Tunnelers further down the corridor. His Speed-E-Wheels were fully charged, his arms were in the optimal cyberninja sprint position, and his EZ-shades were polarized to protect his eyes from the horrors of pre-sing life; he was completely prepared. With a tap of his heel off the ground, he began his rapid dash to the Tunnelers, half running and half grinding with his Speed-E-Wheels. Sparks kicked up behind him in a vibrant technicolor rainbow. Not the gay kind of rainbow, but a cool cyberpunk post-sing rainbow. Statistics flew across his eyes, displayed on his shades. He was at the optimal aerodynamic level, he was going the perfect speed. In fact, only one stat wasn't perfect. His heart rate. Although he kept his cool in front of the pathetic Laramie, the truth was that Thomaseth was scared.

He didn't have much time before he had to face his fears. As he zoomed along the hard ground of the tunnel, the rumble of the primitive power tools grew louder and louder. Beads of sweat dripped down his forehead, quickly wiped away by his built-in shade wipers. He wondered what the Tunnelers would do to him once he got there. Would they ask him for technocreds? Would they try to recruit him into

their singularity shunning lifestyle? Frankly, he didn't want to know.

Figures appeared in front of him. Faint silhouettes at first, but definitely human—that is, if you could call Tunnelers human. Breaks in the rumbling were filled with the sounds of laughter. Thomaseth deduced that there were at least two of them, with his expert estimation skills concluding that there were no more than fifteen.

He slowed down once he could tell how many there actually were. Three. He was right. Thomaseth smirked for a sixth time. "Three on one," he thought. "Guess we're even, then."

He quietly approached the Tunnelers, who were taking turns using the jackhammer and telling nonsense stories about their pigshit primitive lives. He could see a pile of neoplasmid that would fetch quite the price of technocreds in the right market, but there was no way any of these depth-grovellers would be allowed anywhere near a stack of creds that big.

One of the Tunnelers went to stretch his legs, when he spotted Thomaseth creeping in the shadows. "Fellas!" he said, waving over his two companions. "I think it's one of them goo-hunters!"

Thomaseth tried to play the situation by ear. He had been spotted, yes, but it didn't look like any of the Tunnelers had deployed their weapons--yet. He stood, trying not to make any quick or jerky movements.

"Yeah! I think he is!" said another, uglier Tunneler. "Check out the fancy gear on that one! Jeez, fellas, a real goo-hunter!"

The first Tunneler, who Thomaseth identified as their leader due to his age and height, approached him without fear. "Scuse me," he said, with a big crooked smile on his face. "You're one of them goo-hunters, ain't ya?"

IX 1919 Guido Keller, D'Annunzio's „Action Secretary”, opens a „Bureau for surprise coups”. The maritime section of this bureau causes quite a stir and attracts international attention with their piracy on the Aegean Sea. Thanks to these actions they manage to keep Fiume supplied with weapons and food. Nonetheless the food shortage becomes worse in October, which increases the tension in Fiume, especially against the different ethnic groups of croats, hungarians and jews.

7 X 1919 Mussolini finally visits Fiume and attends a funeral feast for the crashed pilots Bini and Zeppegno.

10 X 1919 The crew of the italian freighter "Persia" mutinies and steers the ship into the fiumian port. On board the Persia are 13 tons of weapons and ammunitions, which were originally intended for the White Army in Russia, but are now in D'Annunzio's hands.

20 X 1919 Nitti announces in a telegram message to the admiral Enrico Millo, who is in command of the italian occupation of Dalmatia, to end the occupation and prepare the subsequent evacuation of all italian troops from Dalmatia.

24 X 1919 In a speech D'Annunzio announces that the fight for Fiume is of significant importance for the fight of all ethnic minorities in the world.

10 XI 1919 „Ultimate Proposal” by Wilsons in Paris: Fiume can become a free state without land connection to Italy and is to be exclusively under the control of the League of Nations with a plebiscite after five years.

16 XI 1919 General election in Rome: Nitti gets confirmed as prime minister and the socialists win more seats. D'Annunzio announces the elected representative of Messina, Luigi Rizzo, to also be the representative of Fiume. In the end of November Giuriati, D'Annunzio's head of ministry, meets with Nitti to discuss a „modus vivendi” with Rome.

by the techchain, but Thomaseth decided it was worth it for the added cyber-security.

Satisfied with having gotten at least a few technocreds out of the day's ordeals, Thomaseth slung his goo-gun on his back and deployed his hoverdisc. A small circle ejected from his chest and landed on the ground, expanding in a spiral pattern to a platform large enough to stand on. Some hunters, especially pathetic ones like Laramie, made use of an optional handle to support themselves while riding. Thomaseth, on the other hand, much preferred surfing on his hoverdisc hands-free. He climbed aboard, and punched the Goo HQ (pronounced GOOHACK) coordinates into his technowatch. The disc whirred into action, projecting a low green light as it hovered into the air.

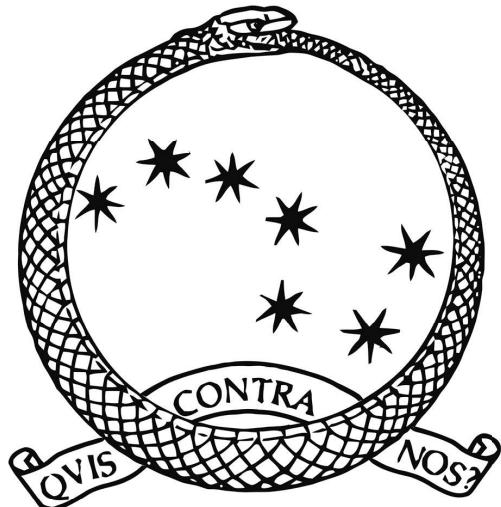
With tremendous speed, the disc flew through the tunnels. Cool Eurobeat music began playing through Thomaseth's earpiece, indicating he had reached optimal velocity. He dipped and dived through the air, over rubble and under bits of jagged rock. Beneath him was a technicolour light show, although it is necessary to reiterate that it was not gay at all.

Miles of tunnel passed below the weary warrior. For a split second, Thomaseth saw what he believed was a Tunneler encampment. He made a mental note to set it on fire later and probably kill everyone inside too.

Minutes passed, and a light shone from the end of the tunnel. A mish-mash of strobing neon lights dance around the entrance. Vibrant pinks, blues, and greens. Thomaseth could feel the warm glow of civilization on his grizzled face. "Tokyo London," he muttered to himself quietly. "Home sweet home."

TO BE CONTINUED





## THE FIUME OCCUPATION: A CHRONOLOGY

by a Germanball

This is a small chronology of the „Occupation of Fiume”, led by Gabriele D’Annunzio. D’Annunzio had an eventful life before his magnum opus, the Fiume Occupation, during which he turned 57 years old. You can read more about his life before this event in the earlier Kolhzine Issue No. 1, „Gabriele D’Annunzio: Poet of the skies”.

This chronology will be separated into three parts: a prologue that outlines the circumstances leading to the Fiume Occupation; the second part will be about the actual occupation and the turn of events during it; and last but not least an epilogue in which the effects of the Fiume Occupation will be presented.

### The Fiume Occupation

12 IX 1919 Around 2 o’clock: the „Marcia di Ronchi” begins. D’Annunzio leaves Ronchi with 186 grenadiers and 40 stolen trucks.

11 o’clock: „Sacra Entrata”. D’Annunzio enters Fiume leading a caravan of stolen trucks, armoured cars and around 2500 deserted grenadiers, arditis and infantrymen.

6 o’clock: D’Annunzio proclaims from the balcony of the governor’s palace the annexation of Fiume.

13 IX 1919 D’Annunzio establishes the command structure in Fiume with him as the leading „Comandante”.  
Two days later the British and American troops leave Fiume. Admiral Casanova, who receives an official command from the Italian military to lead the four Italian warships out of the fiumian port, gets „arrested”. D’Annunzio thus manages to gain control of the four Italian warships.

16 IX 1919 D’Annunzio laments Mussolini’s lack of action to not use the situation and overthrow the current Italian prime minister Nitti. Mussolini answers by starting a national action to rouse support for Fiume and declares to travel to Fiume. One day later the Italian national hero Comandante Luigi Rizzo deserts and travels to Fiume. D’Annunzio makes him the commander of the marine. The French troops leave few days later.

25 IX 1919 In a meeting the Italian crown council, summoned by the prime minister Nitti, declares to not demand the annexation of Fiume, effectively distancing themselves from the ambitions led by D’Annunzio. The crown council gives Nitti the responsibilities to manage the politics with the Allies in this delicate situation and to prevent further escalation.  
Few days later Nitti dissolves the parliament and declares a snap election for the 16th November.

VI 1919 The first idea for a „Second Liberation” of Fiume appears in June 1919. Nino Host-Venturi, born and raised in Fiume, is the original creator of the plan to occupy Fiume with a paramilitary force. He tells D’Annunzio about it but seemingly not with much success. D’Annunzio is currently more occupied with organizing a monumental flight from Italy to Tokyo.

Meanwhile the national council approves the funding for a fiumian army. Giovanni Giuriari begins to build a fiumian volunteer army.

6 VII 1919 Gunfights between italian and french troops in Fiume. The french have 13 deaths and more people wounded. The Parisian Conference organizes an investigative commission and sends the italian general M. de Robilant to Fiume.

8 VIII 1919 The assembly of the Fiumian Volunteer Army is finished. Few weeks later the investigative commission recommends to dissolve the newly formed Fiumian Volunteer Army, the national council, the withdrawal of the sardinian grenadiers and the replacement of the town council with an interallied council.

In the following weeks the sardinian grenadiers withdraw from Fiume and take camp in a Ronchi, a small town in Triest. Seven officers of the grenadiers send a message to D’Annunzio with the plead to lead them back into Fiume. But D’Annunzio is not yet convinced.

In September Attilio Prodam travels to Venice and meets D’Annunzio in person. He finally manages to successfully convince D’Annunzio. Gabriele writes a letter to Mussolini to support „la Causa” with all his might. Three days later, on 11th september, they leave Venice on a boat towards Ronchi.

Prologue

26 IV 1915 Secret Agreement of London: Italy agrees to join the war for an expansion of the alpine border and the annexation of Istria, Dalmatia, Libya, Eritrea as well as parts of Anatolia. Fiume is not included in this agreement. On 23th May Italy declares war on Austria-Hungary. Three months later it also declares war on Germany.

8 I 1918 President Woodrow Wilson proclaims his „Fourteen Points”, amongst them the League of Nations and the „Right of a people to self-determination”.

6 X 1918 Founding of the „Država Slovenaca, Hrvata i Srba” (eng. State of Slovenes, Croats and Serbs), short „Država SHS”, in Zagreb.

23 X 1918 In Fiume the Royal Croatian Grenz Infantry 79 „Ben Jelacic” rebels under lieutenant colonel Petar Teslic. It denies to follow the commands and begins to remove german and hungarian shields from public places and buildings.

28 X 1918 The representatives of the hungarian government leave Fiume. Croatian militias and deputies of the newly founded Yugoslavian National Council occupy the governor’s palace in Fiume.

29 X 1918 Under Banus Antun Edler Mihalovic the state parliament of the Kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia in Zagreb proclaims that the judicial, political and dynastical ties with the Austrian-Hungarian Monarchy are no longer existent. It places itself under the control of the „Država SHS”. Due to the formal separation of the Croatian Kingdom and the Hungarian Kingdom the croatian-hungarian treaty from 1868 - which determined the „corpus separatum Fiume” - loses its validity. As a result governor Zoltan Graf Jekelfalussy transfers his government position and insignia to Konstantin Rojcevic, representative of the Croatian National Council. Under constitutional law Fiume is now integrated into the SHS. The new city council in Fiume establishes a national guard.

24-30 X 1918 Italian Victory against the Austrians near Vittorio Veneto.

30 X 1918 Austrian Emperor Kaiser Karl I. officially recognizes the proclaimed state „Država SHS”.  
 Croatian troops march into Fiume. Naming President Woodrow Wilson's „Right of a people to self-determination” as justification, the city council in Fiume renames itself as the „Italian National Council of Fiume” and declares themself to be reunited with Italy.

2 XI 1918 Recognition of the SHS by the Allies in Versailles, thus also a formal recognition by Italy.

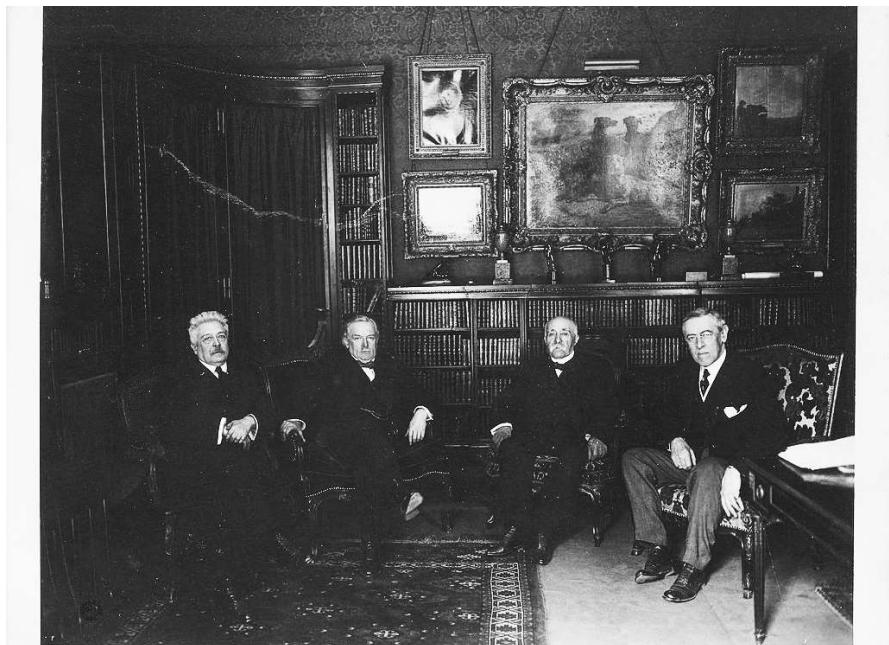
4 XI 1918 Peace between Italy and Austria-Hungary. The italian warship „Emanuele Filiberto” and four Torpedo cruisers arrive in the port of Fiume. The disembarking italian troops begin to remove the SHS-Flag from the governor's palace and hoist the italian flag instead.

5 XI 1918 The french torpedo cruiser „Tuareg” arrives in the Port of Fiume. In the next two weeks two more american and british ships arrive and french troops march into the city; officially to protect the yugoslavian interests.  
 Five days later serbian troops march into city, their goal is to prevent more italian troops from coming into the city.

17 XI 1918 Rear Admiral Rainieri and Lieutenant-Colonel Maksimovic decide in a negotiation that the serbian troops withdraw 10km away from Fiume and in turn the italians promise to not bring any more troops into the city. Almost immediately after the serbian withdraw:  
 First „Liberation” of Fiume: the 2nd regiment of Sardinian Grenadiers march into Fiume, together with american troops. General Di Marzano takes control of the city.

I-IV 1919 Opening of the Peace-Conference in Paris.  
 Italy demands the complete fulfillment of the London Agreement plus Fiume. A few days later Yugoslavia demands large pieces of territory originally promised to Italy (Istria, Triest, Dalmatia). Wilson, who does not recognize the secret London Agreement, proposes that Italy passes on Fiume and Dalmatia and instead be content with a new border across Istria.  
 Italy in turn declares to be content with the complete implementation of the London Agreement without their annexation of Fiume. This is backed by France and England.  
 But Wilson publicly declares his opposition to the italian ambitions and demands. Orlando and the italian foreign minister leave the Peace Talk in Paris and travel to Italy, to rouse public support for their earlier demand „Agreement of London plus Fiume”.

7 V 1919 The peace talk in Paris resumes.



## FAQ

### How can I contribute?

You can write an article, a poem, make pictures or submit something else creative.

### Where can I submit something?

Current thread, email or discord.

### When is the next deadline?

Generally every two-three weeks, depending on the amount of content. For exact dates see the thread or contact us

### Do I choose the pictures for my articles?

You can choose/make them yourself if you wish to, otherwise someone else can decide for you.

### Is there a length limit?

Generally we try to keep articles between 700-3.000 words.

If necessary or justified by interesting form or content, exceptions are possible.

### What topics are suitable?

Alle, since any topic is KC-tier with the right approach.

### How do I know if my text is good enough?

As a rough measure see the already existing texts. Some are for assburgers, other are less serious.

What needs to be present is at least an attempt to bring some structure into your text, since we don't want a zine made out of random thrash.

We are not grammar nazis, runglish, weird stylistic choices and grammar abuse are fine, as long as you reread your text and try to be understandable.

### Contact

[kohlzine@tfwno.gf](mailto:kohlzine@tfwno.gf)

[discord.gg/juAshwD](https://discord.gg/juAshwD)



D'Annunzio offers to retreat from Fiume, if the Italian government promises to occupy Fiume and the surrounding area and to maintain that these should belong to Italy. Hereupon Nitti cancels the negotiations.

XII 1919 Major Reina gets arrested in Fiume and is charged with collaborating with Nitti's informants.

8 XII 1919 Nitti's government offers D'Annunzio's negotiators in Rome a new „modus vivendi” offer:  
Fiume's Legionnaires retreat and in exchange regular Italian troops occupy Fiume and the Italian government promises to only accept a deal in Paris that is in line with Fiume's wish of Italian annexation.

D'Annunzio promises to tell the national council of this offer and promises to follow whatever the national council decides. In his eyes, the „Fiume Expedition” is now finished. Few days later the national council decides to accept the offer. Meanwhile a crowd of 5.000 men and women and legionnaires protest in front of the governor's palace and demand to not accept the offer. D'Annunzio speaks to them and agrees to their demands to hold a referendum about the „modus vivendi”.

At the 18th December the people vote with an overwhelming majority to accept the „modus vivendi”. One day later, D'Annunzio makes use of this political power as „Comandante” and completely annuls the result of the referendum.

20 XII 1919 The Italian government gives D'Annunzio a deadline of 24 hours to accept the offer. He refuses.

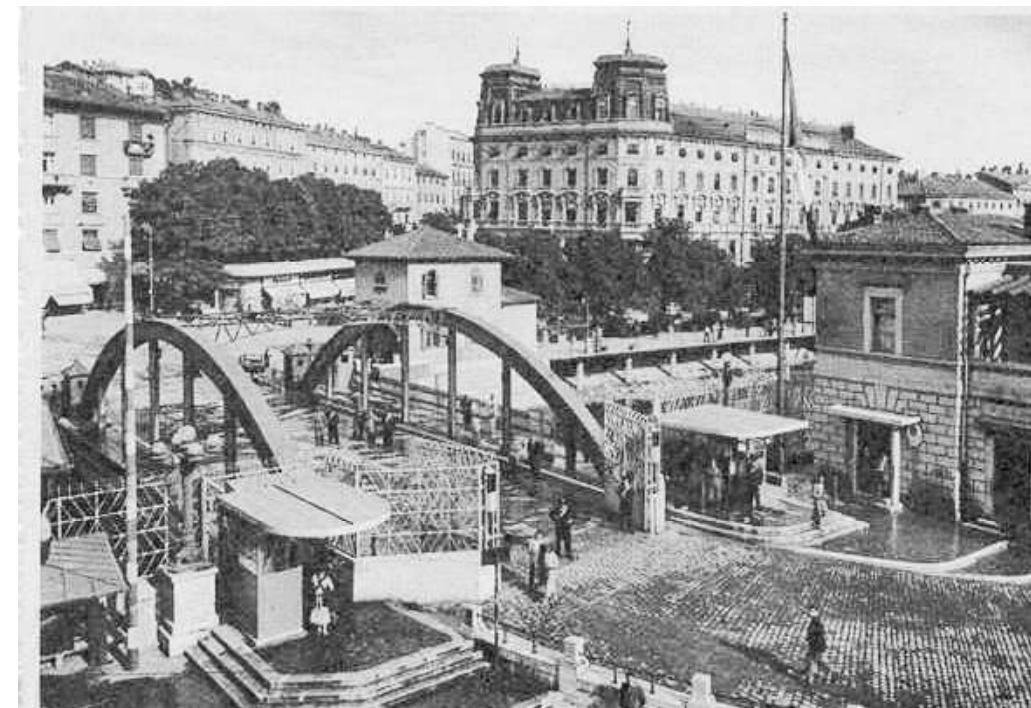
6 I 1920 Paris: The Italian government declares to accept a compromise: Italy gets the border expansion as outlined in the London Agreement and Fiume becomes a free state with land connection to Italy. Clemenceau und Lloyd George accept the

## Epilogue

24 IV 1921 General election in Fiume: the independent autonomist party of Riccardo Zanella wins an overwhelming victory. Fiume became consequently a full-fledged member of the League of Nations and the ensuing election of Fiume's first president, Riccardo Zanella, was met with official recognition and greetings from all major powers and countries worldwide. He will be the only elected president of the free state of Fiume. 11 months later in a fascist putsch led by ex-legionnaires and republicans he has to resign.

28 X 1922 „March on Rome” by Mussolini. For many people this march is a spiritual successor to the „Marcia di Ronchi”.

27 I 1924 Treaty of Rome between the SHS and fascist Italy: Fiume will be annexed by Italy, while the town of Sušak was assigned to the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.



19 X 1920	<p>New agreement between the Reggenza del Carnaro and Croatia, Slovenia, Albania, Montenegro, Macedonia and Vojvodina regarding the weaponry supplies and the financing for the balkanian insurrection against the SHS.</p>	<p>italian offer but demand the ownership of the railway line Fiume-San Pietro is to be transferred to the free state of Fiume. Italy decides to decline that offer due to military reasons. The negotiations on Paris begin to stagnate after this.</p>
12 XI 1920	<p>Agreement of Rapallo between Italy and the SHS: Italy keeps Istria, Fiume is to be a free state. The next day D'Annunzio orders his legionnaires to occupy the islands Veglia (~400km<sup>2</sup>) and Arbe (~90km<sup>2</sup>), which lay south-west of Fiume. General Caviglia of the italian army demands that the high command in Fiume immediately orders the retreat from these islands. D'Annunzio refuses. Giolitti imposes a total blockade around Fiume.</p> <p>Few days later Enrico Millo, who until now had his troops occupy Dalmatia, accepts the agreement of Rapallo and begins with the retreat of italian troops. Italy sends a delegation in a last-ditch attempt to end the Fiume conflict with peaceful negotiations, with no success. On the 17th the senate in Rome signs the agreement of Rapallo. They demand that D'Annunzio dissolves all troops that are not fiumian citizens, releases the captures warships in the port and leaves the city in the next 24 hours.</p> <p>D'Annunzio answers by making the Reggenza declare war on Italy.</p>	<p>Festival of the Holy Sebastian in the church of St. Vito. Antonio Grossich declares D'Annunzio to be a saint.</p>
24-26 XII 1920	<p>„Natale di sangue”: The battleship Andrea Doria begins to fire on the governor's palace. A salvage misses D'Annunzio only by inches, later he declares his resignation. At the last day of the year, the 31th December, the legionnaires leave Fiume. A provisional government is formed under Antonio Grossich.</p>	<p>Guido Kellers Legionnaires hijack the car of general Artura Nigra, one of the most dedicated enemies D'Annunzio's, and bring him to Fiume. They release him a few days later after threats from Nitti and Caviglia.</p>
18 II 1921	<p>D'Annunzio retreats into his „Villa di Cagnacco” in Gardone di Riva. He's now no longer active in the political scene.</p>	<p>Despite efforts to boost the economy in Fiume, a lot comes to a halt. Even selling off the dockyards in the port to italian businessmen doesn't really help. In light of this economic crisis the national council evicts all yugoslavian workers in Fiume. Few days later they also evict all foreigners who came to Fiume after the 30th October 1918.</p>
late II 1920		<p>First „Children Crusade”: D'Annunzio organizes a „crusade” made up out of 250 fiumian children who are to travel to Rome. Prime minister Nitti reacts by barring all subsequent fiuman children the entry into Italy, which leads to a nationwide protest in favour of the children. Till late summer around 4.000 fiumian children arrive in Italy.</p>
III 1920		<p>Meeting between Leon Kochnitzky and Giovanni Bonmartini from the fiumian foreign office with an „official messenger” of the USSR, named Vodovosoff.</p>
24 III 1920		<p>Monks of the capuchin order demand to have the right to marry and want a democratisation of the church. They resist their eviction out of Fiume by using phrases and paroles which used D'Annunzio against Nitti.</p>
31 III 1920		<p>Legal ban on the production of candies in Fiume.</p>

IV 1920	<p>D'Annunzio begins to form a „League of oppressed People” (Lega di Fiume) as an alternative to the „League of Nations”. With the help of the belgian poet Leon Kochnitzky and a shipment of 250.000 rifles to Egypt he manages to invite delegations from Egypt, India and Ireland to come to Fiume. On the 28th April they proclaim the Lega di Fiume as officially founded, but D'Annunzio is dissatisfied with the league due its financial troubles and his opposition towards the participation of Arabians. Instead, he begins to seek contact to nationalistic groups from the Balkans and organizes an anti-serbian insurrection.</p>	<p>At the same time tensions among the fumian workers grow, the Sedi Riunite and the Camera del Lavoro, both trade unions, start a 48-hours strike and demand higher food rations and wages. D'Annunzio tries with the help of Leon Kochnitzky to get support from the italian socialists to manage the negotiations, but to no avail; instead he „negotiates” with the trade unions and seemingly successfully. Few days later the national council arrests 500 unionists and carabinieri storm the offices of the Sedi Ruinite. Many „undesirable” people have to leave the city that day.</p>	<p>V 1920</p> <p>A few hundred soldier attempt to leave the city and get attacked by legionnaires and arditis. Three soldiers day and dozends are wounded.</p>	<p>VI 1920</p> <p>D'Annunzio's delegates (Giuriati and Host-Venturi) meet with delegates from Croatia, Albania and the foreign minister of Montenegro in Venice to sign an agreement, which envisages the forming and arming of an anti-serbian army in Albania, Croatia and Montenegro with the help of Fiume. As a trade-off the balkan states promise to do everything to destroy Yugoslavia. In a second agreement they outline the borders of the different countries after the „liberation”.</p>	<p>A week later D'Annunzio signs an additional secret agreement with Jovan Plamenac, prime minister of Montenegro, to help re-establish the montenegrin monarchy and further support anti-serbian movements.</p>	<p>15 VI 1920</p> <p>Overthrow of Nitti. Giovanni Giolitti becomes the new italian prime minister.</p>	<p>2 VII 1920</p> <p>Leon Kochnitzky officially declares the „Lega di Fiume” as a failed endeavor and leaves Fiume.</p>	<p>VIII 1920</p> <p>D'Annunzio can see that time is running out for Fiume. He takes measures to ensure that he has public support and „legal” justification. Earlier this year he ordered Alceste de Ambris to write a constitution for Fiume, which he finished in February. Now he releases it as the „Carta del Carnaro”.</p>	<p>Few weeks later in early September he officially proclaims the „Reggenza Italiana del Carnaro”, which includes the city, the territory around it and the port of Fiume. At the same time D'Annunzio absorbs the civil jurisdiction for himself, the Comandante.</p>	<p>IX 1920</p> <p>D'Annunzio's henchmen hijack the steamboat Cogne in Catania and steer it to Fiume. He demands a ransom of 20 million Lire from the italian government to finance the balkan insurrection.</p>	<p>In the later weeks of september Guglielmo Marconi's yacht steers into the port of Fiume. D'Annunzio welcomes him and declares to the citizens, that Marconi will gift the „Reggenza del Carnaro” a radio station. In the next day D'Annunzio sends a radio message to the world.</p>	<p>In october Capitano Giuseppe Pfiffer, poet's secretary, and D'Annunzio himself work on a new constitution specifically for the fumian army.</p>
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